

Poem For Kathy

Shade me with your kindness
Love in your forest make my bed

Let the greening grasses grow
in the Gilead of my head

When you touch me Love
how true Goodness breaks my heart

in two You're the image You're
the stillness You're my eye Love

You're the need Fluent brushstrokes
breed those songs which from bird

and silent pond make a Hokusai of me
Tartar queen and mountain prince

strutting with the sun are One in
me Love gladness rumbling for the kis-

ses of Cathay I have heard
in treeless halls sun-haired drumbeats

fall from reeds stark with thread-
like discipline You have taught me

what I know of the rockbound Barbary
Love and Love amalgamated

in a long march to the sea When I
taste you Love I know rolling laughing

tongue in cup that a god's son I must
be God I am of Joy and Free.

-- Christopher Perret

Rome, Italy